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**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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# Animals

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 AND  
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## At Last!

*A* HUMANE, hog-killing slaughter house. Sounds improbable, doesn't it? But, it is true, we are happy to report.

The Hormel Packing Company, at its Austin, Minnesota, plant has developed, with great credit to itself, and is now successfully operating the first really humane hog-killing department. The animals are carefully anesthetized with carbon dioxide gas and never regain consciousness. Mr. John C. Macfarlane, Director of our Society's Livestock Loss Prevention Department, has just returned from Minnesota after thoroughly studying the Hormel plant, and we recommend to our readers his report which appears on pages 14-15 of this issue.

"The Great Cruelty" resolved at last! How we wish Dr. Rowley could have lived long enough to have learned of this great improvement in the slaughter-house technique. No one fought more valiantly than he to abate the unnecessary sufferings usually witnessed in abattoirs.

This is but a beginning—a wonderful beginning—of what we hope will be new and greater usage of anesthesia in connection with the slaughter of food animals. Our Society will do its utmost to promote such ideas throughout the country, but that will cost a good deal of money. Please, dear friends, read Mr. Macfarlane's story and then, if you can, please help us financially so that we can campaign far and wide urging the acceptance of anesthesia in the taking annually of the lives of millions of food animals.

Help us to make America the first land in the world to have *all* its food animals humanely killed. This is a great opportunity. Wouldn't you like to take a part in the crusade?

E. H. H.

## Invocation

*Following is the stirring invocation delivered at the opening session of the recent annual humane convention by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, of Boston:*

"Teach me, my Lord, to be sweet and gentle, patient, kind and humane in all the events of life—in disappointments, in the thoughtlessness of others, in the insincerity of those I trusted, in the unfaithfulness of those on whom I relied.

"Let me put myself aside—to think of the happiness of others, to hide my little pains and heartaches, so that I may be the only one to suffer from them.

"Teach me to profit by the suffering that comes across my path and relieve suffering wherever I find it.

"Let me so use it that it may mellow me, not harden nor embitter me; that it may make me patient, not irritable, that it may make me broad in my forgiveness, not narrow, haughty and overbearing.

"Help me to be kind and considerate of all Thy creatures, especially of underprivileged children who are dear to Thee and to those of the animal kingdom who trust and serve me. When You were on earth these children were Thy most precious charges and when You first came among us as a little child, the animals of Bethlehem warmed by their breath the chilly atmosphere of Thy manger.

"May no creature be hurt or be less good for having come within my influence. No one less friendly, less true, less humane, less noble for having been a fellow-traveler in the journey through this life.

"As I go my rounds from one distraction to another, let me whisper from time to time, a prayer of love to Thee. And may I extend at all times a helping hand to the members of Thy earthly kingdom, whether man or beast, for they reflect Thy eternal glory. Amen."

## Christmas Spirit

**I**N Ft. Worth, Texas, a postman was bitten by three dogs as he made his rounds delivering Christmas mail. An Airedale watched the dog next door take one of the bites and came to the rescue. After that he followed the mail carrier along his route. If dogs, with no Christmas spirit, came toward the two, he nosed them away from his friend. No longer was the postman molested, thanks to that particular Airedale's Christmas spirit.

—Viola Collins Hogarty

### "PARTY FOR HORSES"

*is the name of an article, describing our Society's Horses' Christmas, which will appear in PARADE magazine, Sunday, December 14. PARADE has a circulation of about 5½ million and accompanies approximately 35 Sunday newspapers from coast to coast. For New England readers, PARADE is a supplement of the "Boston Sunday Post."*

## Legend

**W**HEN the animals came to render their homage to the Christ Child lying in the manger, there came with them, also, a little striped cat who sat shyly in a dusty corner of the stable.

The Christ Child smiled on all the animals, but they interested Him so much that when His sweet Mother told him he must sleep, He could not compose Himself. The Mother called on the kind placid ox, the gentle ass, and the faithful shepherd dog to help her put her Child to sleep, but he remained wakeful.

Then, the little tiger cat, dirty and dusty, crept from her corner. First she washed herself from the black tip of her tail to the pink tip of her nose. When she was clean, she jumped lightly into the manger and curling up beside the Babe, she purred softly the lullaby that every cat-mother purrs to lull her kittens to sleep.

Soon the Christ Child slept, and ever since, all tiger cats have carried the grateful mark of the Madonna—an *M* in the middle of their foreheads.



# By the Watering Places of Jerusalem . . .

By Ben Berkey

**At the Pool of Siloam, goatherds still bring their flocks for watering**

PEOPLE in the time-honored lands about Jerusalem have always valued their animals, not only for the material wealth which they indicate and bring into the household, but also because of a primitive sense of companionship.

In the old Biblical days, goatherds and shepherds led lonely lives as they watched diligently over their prized flocks as the animals grazed in the lowlands and hills far from home. Surrounded as each herder was with his wards and lonely except for their bleatings, his intimacy with these animals blossomed into a sort of camaraderie. Indeed, it was not a rare sight to see some young goatherd, under a star-lit sky, serenading his flock with a melody from his flute.

Poor, indeed, was the family in Jerusalem that did not possess at least one goat, for such possession amounted virtually to life or starvation. It was a fact that a family could actually live from the products of a goat. Goat's milk was a favorite drink of every member of the family.

In modern times, there is little change

from this way of life—goats are still important to the daily life of the family. Some of the goats give as much as three quarts of milk per day, a milk that is extremely rich and nutritious. Products supplied for the household by the goats are hair, from which cloth is made, meat, milk, and cheese. Also, of course, the hide of goats makes a high grade leather, its use dating back to Biblical times.

The long-eared, black and white, and brown and white goats are much more agile than their not too distant relations, the sheep. These goats usually are seen in the forefront of flocks of sheep and it is from this that the saying has originated, "Be as the he-goats before the flock."

It is the children of these families of Jerusalem who look after the young goats, or kids. They all love their animals, not only because they are taught the importance to the entire family, but because the kids, in themselves, are playful and loveable. The children make pets of them, and carry them in their arms, much as American children carry

their dolls.

In historic Bible times, the goatherd and his flock would tarry at a pool of water, and he took care to see that his valuable charges quenched their thirst before moving on. Today, water still flows from the Pool of Siloam, at Jerusalem, as shown in the picture. The pool is strewn with remnants of a church built in the fifth century by Empress Eudoxia. In constructing her church, she located its high altar over the place where a tunnel enters the pool. Here it is where Jesus told the blind man to wash and from which he "came seeing" (John:9:7).

The watering places of Jerusalem remain today as in the past. Goatherds tend their flocks, hovering over them as a mother over her infant, with full realization as to their value, for, is it not said in Proverbs (27:26, 27):

"The lambs are for thy clothing, and  
the goats are the price of the field.  
And thou shalt have goats' milk  
enough for thy food, for the food of  
thy household, and for the mainte-  
nance for thy maidens."





One of our Society's very good friends, Mrs. Millicent Clark, sent us this picture showing her and the little boy feeding the ducks in Forest Park, in Springfield.

## A Man and His Dog

By Ruby Zagoren

THE lamb in the nursery rhyme who followed Mary everywhere she went has nothing on "Queenie," a dog who is "mostly collie." Queenie follows her master to work even though it means passing close to white-hot forges where liquid iron is poured into molds.

When Fred Mazanek, of Higganum, Connecticut, worked as a carpenter, years ago, it was easy for Queenie to be with him, for he stayed in the same place for long periods of time. Now Fred is a maintenance man at a factory and has to go from building to building, often close to the hot forges. Queenie is never far behind her master.

This devotion started more than eight years ago when Queenie was a neighbor's pup who came around, when Fred was milking his six goats, for a free handout. Queenie evidently liked Fred's company for she stopped going home altogether. Finally the neighbor said Fred could keep her if he would buy her a license. Well, Queenie hasn't left Fred's side since. As a matter of fact, she gets frantic when Fred isn't near.

There was the time that Fred accidentally left Queenie at a gas station. The station owner drove Queenie immediately back to her master, at the same time presenting Fred with a bill for ten dollars to pay for the upholstery Queenie had ripped in her frenzy at being separated from Fred.

At the factory it is a common sight to see Fred bend his 250-lb. frame to test Queenie's milk with his finger; he wants to make sure it will be warm enough for her to drink.

When the end of the day comes and it's time to go home, Fred, who is a little hard of hearing, calls loudly for Queenie. He can be heard throughout the plant. Queenie, of course, is never far away. However, other employees at the small factory will take time to help Fred find her in case the dog is slow in answering.

Fred lives alone, except for his pets. He was speaking for himself as well when he said, "If Queenie was left without me, I'm afraid she'd die."

## Placing a Dog

By Theresa E. Black

WETHER you have many dogs to sell or a puppy to place, the question, "What is best for my dog?" always arises.

Apparently an elderly couple without children seems the ideal answer. After I had seen children drag puppies down the street by the tail, fall on them, and treat them roughly, in general, that was also my conclusion. But since then I have learned that some elderly couples can also be cruel.

I have seen a young housewife lavish affection upon her dog when she and I were alone, but when company came and the dog became excited, he was roughly ejected.

Then I have seen the elderly couple who shower expensive gifts upon their dog. They derive endless pleasure watching the dog play with each new toy. As soon as the dog tires he crawls to them and lays his head on their feet, but they are reading and do not notice him.

If you have a dog to sell or place, get to know the family. Notice how the adults treat people and how the children treat toys. If children are trained to take care of their toys, they can easily be trained to care for a dog. When I tell children how to hold or play with my dog, both the children and the dog are completely happy.

This can be the difference between heartbreak and happiness for your dog, for a dog cannot live by bread alone. He must have affection and he instantly recognizes and respects genuine love. We cannot buy his affection; this is his to give freely.

## DOG ODDITIES

By Harry Miller, Director, GAINES DOG RESEARCH CENTER

TWO BLOODHOUNDS--JOE AND ETHEL CAPTAN--ARE USED BY A TEXAS COMPANY TO DETECT LEAKS IN GAS MAINS



BRIGHAM YOUNG, MORMON LEADER WHO FOUNDED UTAH, OWNED THE FIRST PUREBRED DOGS IN THAT STATE--TWO COLLIES SENT FROM ENGLAND



AMERICA'S DOG OWNERS BOUGHT MORE THAN \$150,000,000 WORTH OF PREPARED DOG FOOD LAST YEAR

© 1952, Gaines Dog Research Center, N. Y. C.



**S**USIE" is a pig who seems to think that anything worth doing is worth doing well, and to prove her point she delivered, in a matter of minutes, a baker's dozen of husky porkers.

Giving birth to a king-size family is one thing—feeding and looking after it, quite another. There aren't that many seats at the "Pigsty" lunch counter, and since there was no other lady pig in a position to adopt some of Susie's babies, the job of caring for the overflow fell to me. I bought nursing bottles, cod-liver oil, corn syrup and lime water, and making a temporary pen of an orange box, placed the piglets in the wash house.

Although Susie made a terrific commotion when her three youngsters, each squealing to high heaven, were carried off, she soon forgot them and "Mr. Blue," taking charge, was never happier in his life. He tried to get into the box with the young pigs and, finding he couldn't, compromised by sitting as close to the cage as possible, his head resting on the top board.

Feeding time was a moment of great interest to the other animals. They'd all gather around, licking their lips and hoping for a share in the piglets' dinner. "Pumpkin," the kitten, wasn't always content just to watch. The lively, twitching tails of the little pigs fascinated him and, sitting up on his haunches, he'd bat away at them like a boxer at a punching-bag.

The pigs were too preoccupied to give Pumpkin much attention, but Mr. Blue, very much the foster parent, took steps to put a stop to the kitten's playfulness. First, he growled and when that didn't work, he picked the youngster up by the nape of the neck and deposited him outside. Of course, Pumpkin was back the moment he was released, swatting tails or reaching through the boards to slap the pink, turned-up noses.

All the while this was going on, "Sheila," the Irish setter, sat in the background shivering from head to tail and making a fluttering, bellows-like motion with her cheeks as she inhaled and exhaled. What was going on in her head, I didn't know. After all, she was a comparative newcomer to the ranch, with no experience with very young pigs, so I wasn't sure that I could trust her.

As for Mr. Blue, I knew anything that needed mothering was safe with him—his only failing being that he usually overdid the job.

Time went on and the piglets prospered. At the end of a week they were too large for the box and Mr. Blue, apparently sensing this, tried to lift them from the pen. But pigs aren't like kittens. The moment pressure is put on their backs, they draw together like a jackknife and squeal as though they were slowly being drawn and quartered. They just don't like to be picked up and it takes more than a medium-size dog to hold them. But free them, Mr. Blue did, by tipping the box over and spilling his charges over the washhouse floor.

After that there was nothing to do but build a pen outside where the youngsters could exercise in the sun. The moment the pen was finished and the pigs placed in it, Mr. Blue was inside, trying to make them feel at home.

I watched him give each a lick-and-a-promise with his tongue. It was while he was trying to get them to lie down and take a nap that something unexpected happened. Like red lightning, Sheila was over the pen and, taking a stand between Mr. Blue and the pigs, bared her teeth, while the hair on her neck stood on end.

Mr. Blue, taken by surprise by this unexpected development, was quite as appalled as I, and sat back on his haunches,

# "Mr. Blue" and the Piglets

by *Ina Louez Morris*



*Mr. Blue demonstrates to the piglets the proper method of taking a sun bath.*

looking at the other dog, his big eyes round with wonder.

"Out of there, both of you!" I cried, fearing that Sheila meant to harm the pigs. "Sheila, don't you dare touch those little fellows!"

Giving me an apologetic look, she advanced upon Mr. Blue, still growling. Mr. Blue backed away, stopping when his hind quarters came in contact with the pen. There he stood for one brief second, then finding two rows of sharp teeth within biting distance of his nose, he did an awkward flip over the fence.

I picked up a stick, thinking that if Sheila started any trouble, I'd let her feel the heavy end of it. But with competition out of the way, she lay down and, reaching out with a long forepaw, slowly drew a little pig to her.

After that, the pigs were Sheila's self-appointed task and she made sure that a certain dog, by the name of Mr. Blue, kept his distance.

# Terrier vs. Tax Commissioner

By Brad Willson and Faye Walker

TRIXIE," a five-dollar fox terrier, wasn't around long enough to hear her master's voice upheld in the Ohio Supreme Court. The little black-and-white dog belonged to George P. Searight, of Wooster, Ohio. He wanted to be sure someone took care of Trixie in the event of his death.

Searight's will, probated in 1948 in the Wooster probate court, contained this item: "I give and bequeath my dog, Trixie, to Florence Hand (a niece) and direct my executor to deposit in the Peoples Federal Savings and Loan Association \$1000 to be paid at seventy cents a day for the keep and care of my dog as long as it shall live."

The provision touched off a legal controversy that eventually embraced the tax commissioner of Ohio, the attorney general of the state, and finally was taken before the Ohio Supreme Court.

The probate court said Trixie had actually inherited the money and that the state does not levy tax on property passing to an animal. C. Emory Glander, tax commissioner of Ohio, acting for the state department of taxation at Columbus, appealed the case with Attorney General Herbert S. Duffy representing the department.

The Court of Appeals of Wayne county affirmed the judgment of the probate court. The state taxation department, through Duffy, then asked the Ohio Supreme Court to review the case. Duffy's appeal cited eight cases of alleged error in the Court of Appeals decision which had held the \$1000 was an honorary trust and was not subject to tax.

The Searight will stated that if any money remained at the time of Trixie's death, it should be divided equally among nieces Florence Hand and Bessie Immler, nephew Reed Searight, and a friend, Willis Horn. Judges Hunsicker, Stevens and Doyle of the Court of Appeals had ruled the contingent beneficiaries be taxed on \$200 each, subject to an adjustment on what was left at Trixie's death.

When the case was finally presented to the Ohio Supreme Court, Adrian W. Miller, Wooster, attorney and executor for the Searight estate, made this preliminary statement: "Despite the small tax involved, the case could be considered of great public interest because of the multitude of dog owners in Ohio." He argued there was no reason to review the case on the grounds that error had been committed by the lower courts.

Miller also pointed out that he had been unable to find any Ohio cases applicable to the Trixie trust fund. He concluded, "The court should not legislate to tax man's best friend in a case where man sees fit to benefit such an animal."

The Ohio Supreme Court, by refusing to review the case during its October session in the state capitol at Columbus, left Trixie's trust fund untouched by taxes.

Unfortunately, though, Trixie died several months ago, still untroubled by whether the state department of taxation could claim seventy dollars inheritance tax, which would have amounted to approximately 583 cans of better-grade dog food.

## Slaughter of the Innocents

• • • By Walter J. Kent

You're going hunting! Why?  
To blast a lovely mallard  
From the sky?  
To still some bobwhite's call;  
To shoot a lordly goose, and  
Watch its fall.

You're going gunning, say!  
Do you really like to kill  
A squirrel that way?  
And the innocent cottontail—  
Do you cripple him,  
When you fail?

You think it's sport! What—  
To get a ruff-necked grouse  
With a hundred shot?  
And thus, you find it pleasant  
To drop a beautiful  
Ring-necked pheasant?

You're going hunting, well—  
It's not brave to blast these  
Innocents to hell.  
You would not murder . . . still,  
You hunt for these defenseless  
Ones to kill.

## Youngsters Must Play

By Evelyn Witter

As playful as a kitten; as nippy as a puppy; as frolicsome as a calf," are such familiar similes that we often forget the real connotation of them. The fact is that all youngsters must play.

A happy animal, one who has had his playtime, is one who responds to care and treatment. I know. It has worked out that way on our farm.

It was brought out again today when a neighbor asked my husband, "How do you get your hogs to two hundred pounds in around six months?"

And, while he was asking that question, he was actually looking right at part of the answer. The pigs on the hillside feed lot were having an uproariously good time. A rushing stream of water was running down the hillside and the baby pigs were using it as a slide!

They ran up the hill, got into the water at the top, and took a topsy-turvy ride, rolling on their backs and on their sides, all the way to the bottom of the hill. They squealed with delight all the way down. No sooner did they get right side up than they ran to the top like children in a playground, and had another and still another slide.

They were tired, hungry, happy piglets at feeding time—ready for a long, healthful snooze at the end of their day. Just what the veterinarian ordered for good health and growth.

It's as my husband told the neighbor, "Keep livestock happy. In the beginning you have to remember that all youngsters must play."



A little play keeps him happy.

# “Baxa” Was Chosen

By John Cates

ONCE upon a time many years ago, they tell us, a small donkey lived near the village of Nazareth, in Palestine. He was sturdy and strong and patient, but he knew that people laughed at his long ears, his rough shaggy coat and long tufty tail. So he knew he wasn't handsome or admired, although everybody was glad to make use of him, and pile his back high with bundles and bales.

He was called “Baxa,” and on that first Christmas night, nearly two thousand years ago, he felt there were strange things happening on earth and in the sky. Now, even if he were very humble and modest, he had a lot of good sense inside his slow dull brain. That night out on the lonely hillside he heard queer rustlings and murmurings, and funny little thrills made his tough hide crinkle and shiver. He pricked up his ears, and pushed on towards the sounds, curious to know why all the dumb creatures of field and wilderness were gathered together in the dark, and what made the air feel so strange and exciting. Presently he stood on the edge of the animal crowd. Nobody spoke to him or heeded his presence. He was of no account, and yet in spite of that he felt very eager and happy.

Suddenly, as he waited, he heard a sweet, clear voice that seemed to come from a long way off, and it charmed him—it was so lovely and distinct. Then his little heart began to thump, for it was the Archangel Michael telling all the dumb animals of God about the birth of a divine Child in Bethlehem, and how they would all serve this royal



*This descendant of Baxa also carries his burden weekly.*

King in the future. When he ceased speaking the dogs and leopards, the oxen and lions, camels and elephants stood in silent wonder. Baxa felt so uplifted and joyful and amazed that he was almost afraid to breathe. The old dromedary from Jerusalem was so terribly still Baxa felt he could hear him think. The lion didn't switch his tail a hair's breadth, and the elephant kept his trunk as stiff and still as a post. There was a long hushed silence before the Angel began to speak again, and said:

“Now this Baby from Heaven born in Bethlehem must very soon go on the first of three great journeys, and one of you animals will have the great glory of carrying him on his travels.”

Baxa glanced at the kingly lion, and the swift-footed camel, and the stately elephant, and the sure-treading, big-muscled ox, and wished that he, too-rough little Baxa—had some mighty gift so he could at least be considered.

“I am the most powerful beast God has made,” said the elephant with lordly sureness, “I will have to be the one.”

But the lion tossed his tawny head, and said: “I'm the king of all the animals, I am the right one to choose.”

And the camel said, “But I'm the swift ship of the desert, all travelers depend on me.”

Each in turn told of his greatness, and made his claim, whilst little Baxa stood meekly aside to see who would win. His ears drooped a little sadly, and his tail hung limp and sorrowful. “I'm too homely and dull to be looked at,” he thought gently.

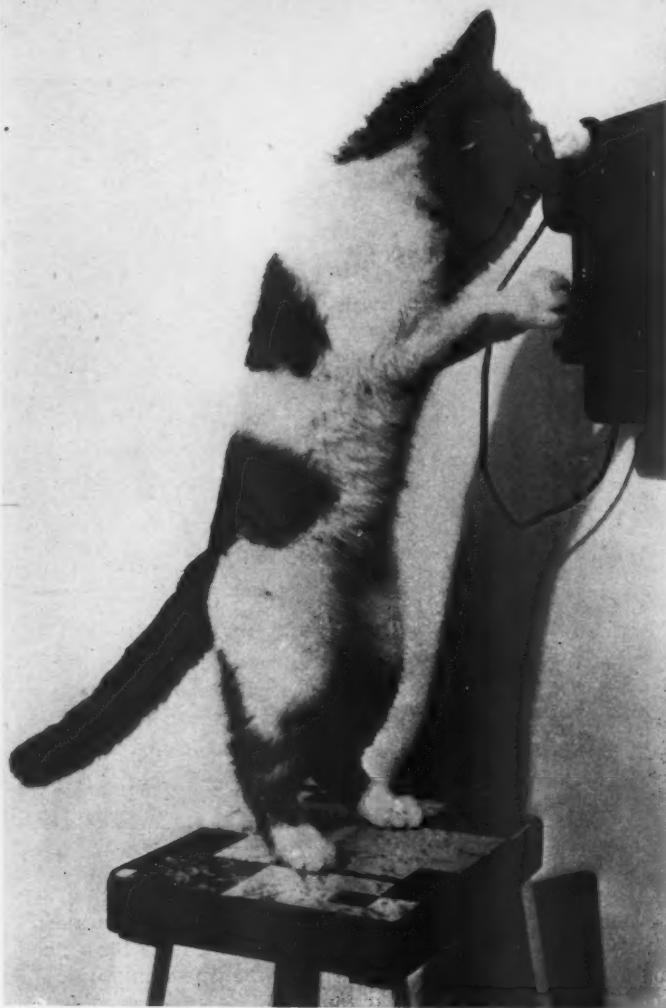
And then, when the eager pushers finished their pleas, Michael of Heaven passed right over the crowd and came to the shaggy donkey standing all by himself.

“Why do you not ask for yourself, Baxa; what do you have to recommend you?”

“Nothing at all,” said he, “I am the very least of all God's creatures. I am not worthy of so glorious a task.”

Then, in a clear thrilling voice like the sound of a trumpet, the Archangel spoke to the herd of animals: “Baxa is chosen. Go, Baxa, wait by the stable near the Holy Family. You are meek and gentle, and lowly of heart; it is you who shall carry the Holy One on all His journeys.”

And happy little Baxa with his ears flapping, and his heart full of peace, clop-clopped away, muttering funning little laughing brays, as he prepared to wait near by until Mary and Joseph and the child Jesus were ready to begin their flight into Egypt.



—Photo by Georgia Engelhard

*So we have to get our own breakfast just because we wanted to get up before anyone else in the family to see what was under the Christmas tree!*

*"Hello, Santa! Are you there? Please bring me a catnip mouse for Christmas. Oh, yes, and a doll for Mary, my little mistress."*

—Photo by G. Madden

# Christmas Episodes in A

*"Shep" watches over his young master after he has fallen asleep in a vain attempt to wait up for Santa Claus to see what he's bringing to the other little boys in the neighborhood.*

—Photo by George Voillmer



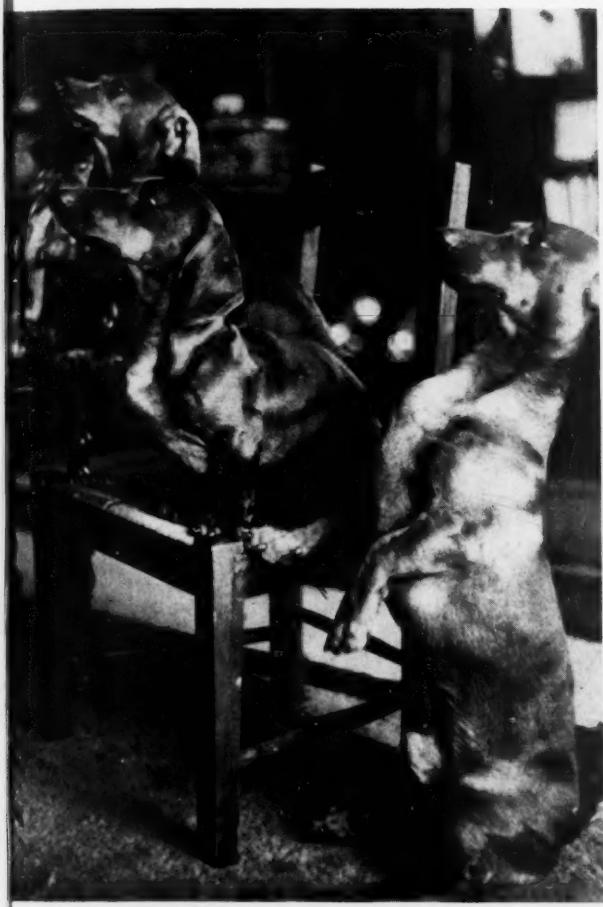


Photo by Manfred O. Ascher

*We don't like to beg (not much!) but after all, we've been smelling that Christmas turkey roasting for hours now and, please, may we have some? We've been very good dogs all year, you know.*

*Mrs. Daniel Lenoci of Whitman, Massachusetts, has a cat named "Smokey," who likes nothing better than to be vacuumed, especially to get cleaned up for Christmas. If Smokey is outdoors and hears the machine, he comes running in for his vacuum massage.*

—Photo by Stanley A. Bauman



## in Animaland

*"Oh, boy, look what St. Nick brought me this year!" And that ball doesn't get away — not from "Tiny," the kitten who thinks it is lots of fun to spring from the floor and hook his claws into the rubber ball suspended from a string. Tiny is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Wardwell of Auburn, Maine, and they maintain that a show put on by their kitten has it all over any television program like a tent.*

--Lewiston-Sun Journal photo by Wardwell





*"Get along little dogie."*

**A**LTHOUGH the desert is a colorful and interesting playground to spend a week end or a life-time in, it can also be a cruel and relentless desolation.

To the native animals, life on the desert is one continual search for food. If they find enough to keep them alive they are lucky. Even the very young are shaggy and thin.

The big horn sheep, shyest and wildest of all desert animals, inhabits the mountains around Death Valley. The baby big horn in the picture defied animal convention and caution when he ventured into our camp in search of food. He liked what he found so well that he visited us regularly all one summer. We often saw his mother standing majestically on a high ridge watching her offspring. I like to think she was proud, yet more than a little worried over his venturesome conduct, even as we human mothers often are.

The rugged little burros have so well adapted themselves to the lean rations of desert life that they fare as well as any natives. Better, in many instances.

The friendly little fellow in the pic-

# Desert Babies

**By Mrs. Glenn Thomas**

ture, his mother and several friends live at a tiny spring during the winter months and round out their diet with morsels of food they beg from tourists along the Death Valley highway. They do very well, too.

Life probably is hardest for cattle trying to survive on a desert range. The



*Baby big horn pays a visit.*

shaggy little "dogie" in the picture lost his mother from starvation. While he somehow escaped making a banquet for a band of hungry coyotes, his struggle for existence would have ended in death had he not been rescued by his owner.

There are, of course, many other animals that inhabit the desert. As natives of that particular region they seem to thrive on its meagerness of food and water. Everyone knows of the camel and its ability to travel long distances without water and its padded feet especially built for such travel over the hot desert sands.

Then there is the desert iguana which roams the arid regions of our great southwest. This creature feeds on birds, small flowers, tender leaves and insects and looks like a small edition of some prehistoric monster.

The desert tortoise is another animal that seems to thrive in this atmosphere, retreating into the cool sanctuary of its burrow during the heat of the day.

Although life is hard on the desert, it goes right on, fitting into nature's intricate pattern, and probably would not be changed if it could be.



*Roadside beggar.*

## Murder Trial . . .

**A**LARGE, German police dog was tried in police court in Salida, Colorado, recently on a charge of murder. "Till" was charged with killing a small Pekingese during a fight in an alley.

No one was a witness to the dog fracas, but after the fight, passers-by thought they recalled seeing a police dog and an English shepherd leaving the scene where the badly battered body of the "Peke" was found lying. In vain the little "Peke" was rushed to a veteri-

narian, for he died shortly thereafter.

The trial was held before R. J. "Dick" Murray, police magistrate, and defense attorney Donald Meyers called several character witnesses for the shaggy-haired dog. All of them testified as to the gentle nature of Till. Defense witnesses pointed out that the dog had had his larger teeth pulled some years earlier and all that remained were some small, badly-rotted teeth. Also, no signs of blood were found on Till following the alleged fight.

**By L. A. Barrett**

During the trial, the prisoner roamed the courtroom trying to make friends with everyone and, characteristically, even wandered over and tried to make friends with the lady who had brought the murder charge against him. She pulled away, however, and would have nothing to do with the playful dog.

The judge, after listening to testimony for over three hours, ruled that "it is the nature of dogs to fight and to chase cats" and dismissed the case. Till was immediately set free, his name cleared.



—Photo by Charles DuBois Hodges

*Here is a little boy getting his first lesson in health education from the friendly cow — rest, sunshine, good food.*

**A few of mother Nature's cardinal rules on how—**

# Animals Keep Fit

**By W. J. Banks**

**I**F we would keep healthy we could do worse than study the ways of the animals. In the wilds there are no doctors or physical culture magazines, but mother nature teaches the way to fitness.

Cleanliness is one of her cardinal rules. Some mice and other furred animals spend nearly half their lives in cleaning and combing themselves. Many have special equipment for the job, such as the comb-like split nail of the beaver's second hind toe, or the six lower front teeth of the lemur.

Baths in clear water, mud or dust are popular with most animals. Many birds enjoy a dip, but usually content themselves with a dust bath as drenched feathers impede flight dangerously. Not only the tiny sparrow, but the huge elephant, dusts himself, blowing earth powdered by his shuffling feet over his back. The American bison, too, likes nothing better than a good hole in which to wallow.

Animals have clever schemes to rid themselves of vermin and may help each other. The crocodile bird devours the host of tiny lodgers that infest the big "croc's" mouth. A skunk was observed

backing slowly into the water until a crop of lice had transferred itself to a mouthful of dried grass which he carried. Then he ducked suddenly and swam away.

Diet, we are told, holds the key to health. Only man is foolish enough habitually to eat in a manner likely to produce ill-health. The animal folk never heard of vitamins, but few of us approach their good sense in eating.

Nature has arranged that the wild folks' ordinary needs can be satisfied near at hand. But, on special occasions, extra groceries may be required, and the animals know enough to seek them. Thus, cattle or deer periodically visit the salt lick. A buck seeks water containing lime to nourish his new antlers. The spring's first green grass, rich in vitamins, is sought eagerly by wild and domestic animals. The moose, lean from the hard winter, go after the lily roots and other water plants.

Your dog may not know what the spring sunshine can do for him in technical terms, but he is eager to get out into it. When pussy licks her fur after a good sun bath, she may be transferring

some of the essential vitamins, which she cannot absorb through the skin.

In spite of every provision of nature and their own wisdom, animals sometimes do fall ill; then remarkable cures may be effected by self-treatment. A large zoo found that it was best to leave sick animals alone with a selection of herbs and vegetable foods common to its native land. The patient would select from the heap of medicines required for the cure. Probably it would not have fallen ill had these been available before

Animals know that different ailments require different treatment. If feverish, they resort to cool spots, remain quiet, eat little and drink a lot. Rheumatic joints are exposed to the warm sun or healing springs and sulphur baths. In their own saliva, the animals possess a fine antiseptic dressing which often heals terrible wounds. Ants will amputate the broken limb of one of their number.

Rest, too, is recognized by all animals as a prerequisite to good health. How often you see your own household pets, especially cats, enjoying a snooze even in the middle of the day.

# The Great Cruelty—Resolved

By John C. Macfarlane

**I**F George Thorndike Angell and Dr. Francis H. Rowley could have stood at my side this past week and observed with me the new method of immobilizing hogs at the George A. Hormel and Company packing plant at Austin, Minnesota, I know that both of them would have felt repaid tenfold for their long efforts through the years to reduce rough treatment at the level of the packing plant.

Speaking personally, I have never seen such a humane departure from the accepted packing plant procedure, and for the first time in twenty-five years, I couldn't help but feel in my own heart that here, at last, we are beginning to see light beyond the horizon.

George A. Hormel and Company is one of the finest packing houses in the United States, and for the past three years the management of this big organization and its employees have worked together to develop this new humane method of anesthetizing hogs before they are killed. Just as a person is given an anesthetic before submitting

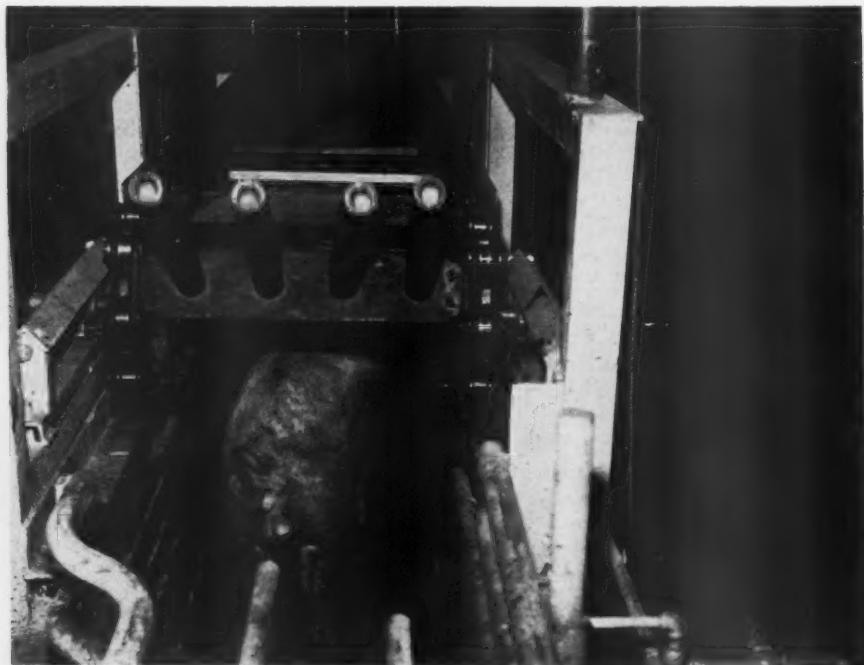
to an operation, so the hogs are subjected to the same humane treatment. How difficult it would be for a doctor to conduct major surgery on a human being who was conscious. The same thing is true in the treatment of hogs. Yes, this is a new idea to the packing industry and credit for it, according to the Hormel management, goes to their own men. The idea of using an anesthetic has been studied for many years, and within the last three months over 300,000 hogs have been killed in this new manner. They call it the hog "immobilizer" and it operates at a speed of 600 hogs per hour. They use carbon dioxide gas. This is the familiar gas found in all carbonated beverages. The company buys it as dry ice and then converts it into gas and feeds the gas into the anesthesia chamber through which the hogs must pass.

The animals are shunted through from the pens into the immobilizing unit one at a time. They move along a specially constructed lane and just before they

reach the escalator, a rubber gate secures each one very humanely in a separate compartment. These compartments are formed by successive rows of rubber covered fingers which swing down from above. Once the hog is thus contained, the floor under each animal becomes, in effect, an escalator which carries it down several feet into a tunnel-like gas chamber. Fifty-one seconds later the hog goes up and onto a moving table, waist high, where an operator shackles one leg and the animal is easily suspended from the conveyor chain and is immediately ready for a humane death.

Because the gas used in the immobilizer is much heavier than air, it stays down in the chamber on the lower level and is held there. As the hog passes through, it inhales just enough gas to render it completely unconscious for a period of approximately twenty-five seconds. This allows sufficient time for the hog to be properly suspended and killed while it is still unconscious. The best feature of this new method is that the animal never regains consciousness. On the other hand, if for some reason of mechanical failure, the hogs were allowed to breath fresh air again; the carbon dioxide would be exhaled, and in a matter of one minute, the animals would stand and walk off with absolutely no ill effects, as if nothing had ever happened. After having viewed so many hundreds of thousands of these animals slaughtered the old-fashioned way, it was indeed a revelation to me to observe this new system and to see hogs coming out of the gas chamber completely relaxed and unconscious, lying quietly on their sides.

Contrast this new method with the ordinary method of shackling where the shacker must bend over, attach a chain to the hind legs of a live and squirming animal, and then, by force, hook the chain to a traveling hoist. This method used throughout America is a dirty, dusty, hazardous operation and, in my opinion, offers a greater amount of cruelty than can be found in any other part of the plant. Under the new method the conveyor moves the hog gently so



*This hog is walking quietly, and with no apparent fear, onto an escalator where he will soon be fast asleep.*



***This is the way hogs are handled in most packing plants today, a painful method at the very best.***

that it hangs without being jerked and is made ready for the man with the knife. The man who is charged with killing these animals can, under this new system, kill instantly and with no ill effects either to the animal or himself. Using the old method, the sticker frequently had to guard against accident from the struggling hog, who obviously suffered great discomfort, and he was often prevented from sticking the animal accurately.

Not a single hog has been lost from anesthesia at the Hormel plant, nor has there been found any ill effects as a result of the carbon dioxide. Recognition for this splendid new method of immobilizing animals must go to the men of the Mechanical Division, Practical Research Division, and all the individual employees who had a part in suggesting innovations and methods, all of which were spearheaded and coordinated by Mr. L. W. Murphy, of the Hormel plant.

The plan of immobilizing before slaughter, if widely adopted in the industry, will have a very significant effect on the layout, the type of equipment, and the general operation of killing facilities. The experiments conducted by the George A. Hormel and Company plant indicate that their new method may very well be applied advantageously to sheep slaughter and perhaps, one day, with some innovations, even to the killing of cattle. This new method of anesthetizing hogs would seem to me to fit into any plant where slaughter volume is large enough to warrant this type of operation. From the standpoint of

just good economics, this humane innovation is very much worth while, as it eliminates the old shackling pen with its dirt, its danger, its *human temper!* The shackle's job has been made a clean one and an easier one in contrast with a cruel, oftentimes gruesome, task. The hog is no longer hoisted while kicking and twisting to arrive at another level excited and exhausted, subjected to great physical pain and often arriving with damaged hams.

Another interesting observation of this new method is the fact that it has been estimated that labor cost reductions in connection with shackling and sticking amount to about 40 per cent. The cost of the carbon dioxide amounts to only a fraction of a cent per hog. The lifting of the animal to the fourth floor after it has been killed is done by a 20 h. p. motor which is operated at a very reasonable figure.

For the first time in over a quarter of a century, I was able to stand on the killing floor of Hormel's very clean plant in Austin, Minnesota, and observe several hundred hogs prepared for slaughter, without any qualms whatsoever. When I saw them come out on the conveyor belt at the other end completely anesthetized, I felt like shaking the hand of every man who had in any way contributed to this great new method of preparing hogs for slaughter.

In captioning a story about their new

method of immobilizing hogs, the Hormel people use these words: *Hormel now anesthetizes hogs before slaughtering. Safer, Cleaner, Quieter, More Economical.* While the writer of the article in question was looking at this new development from a very practical point of view, he could have added immeasurably to the impact of this story upon the general public had he added these words: *and Humane*, because in my opinion, nothing has been developed in the packing industry, at least in my time, to equal it. I hope sincerely that in the years that lie ahead other packers throughout the United States equipped to do so will avail themselves of this marvelously humane method.

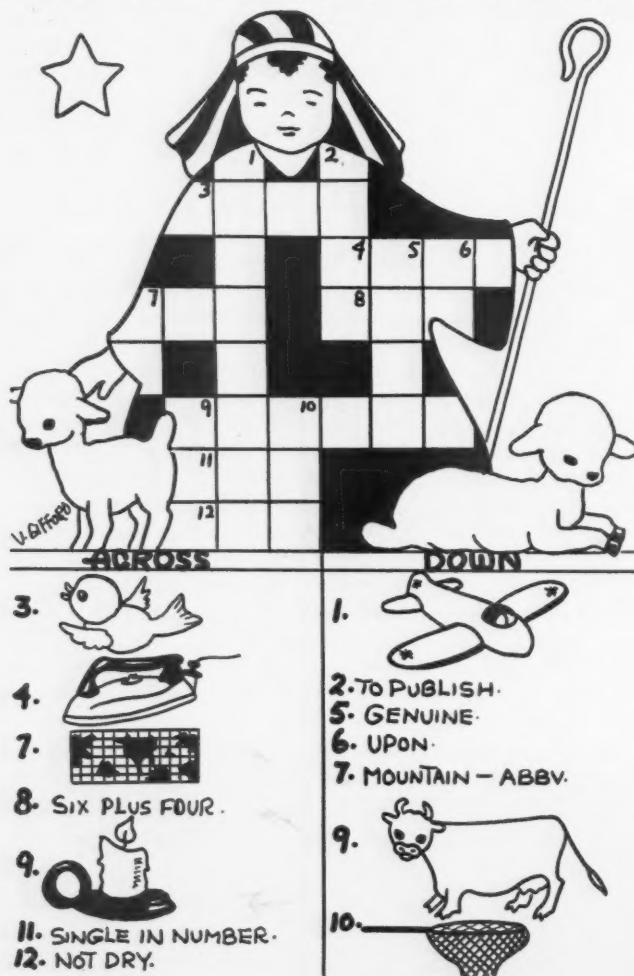
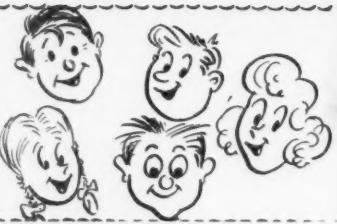
Yes, my friends, when you buy pork products from the Hormel packing plant at Austin, Minnesota, you can be assured from now on that the animals were rendered completely unconscious, that there was absolutely no pain and no suffering, and that from the moment they were anesthetized to the very end, they never once regained consciousness.

I am proud to be associated with the first Society to raise its voice against "the great cruelty," as it was called many years ago by our beloved Dr. Rowley. And I am equally proud now that we can raise our voice in praise of an organization that has dared to venture such a radically humane departure from its former killing practices.



***At the other end of the conveyor, completely anesthetized, the shackles are being placed on the sleeping hogs who are never to regain consciousness.***

# CHILDREN'S



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLE: Across—1. cup, 3. we, 4. I'm, 6. alley, 7. cage, 10. corn, 11. ad, 12. N. Y., 13. nuts.

Down—1. celery, 2. pie, 3. wagon, 5. my, 8. A. C., 9. Va.

## "Mitten's" Surprise • *By Bonnie Sarafin (8)*

EARLY one morning my sister Linda called to my mother because there in her bed was a little kitten. It was black and white just like its mother, "Mitten." First it lived in a doll cradle of mine. Then it lived on my sister's bed. And then it lived in the closet, where it is living now. It is a week old now, and just beginning to open its eyes.

## A Christmas Calamity

By Bessie Avery Lindsay

WHEN Ruth was four years old, her Daddy bought her a beautiful mahogany-red Irish setter dog. She named him "Mike." They soon grew to be great pals and the dog would scratch at the door to come in when he heard her voice.

Ruth had two sisters, one eight and one thirteen. When Christmastime came, her Daddy set up the tree in the living room and the day before Santa was to come, the three girls were having a lot of fun trimming the tree with lights, lovely colored balls, and lastly, the pretty decorated cookies Mom had made to hang on the tree.

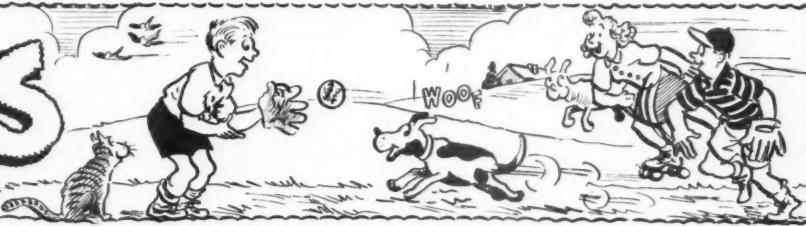
When Mike heard the chatter and laughter of the children, he wanted to come in, too, so Ruth opened the door and let him in. Well, when Mike smelled the luscious Christmas cookies on the tree he began pulling them off the tree and gobbling them up. One was tied a little tighter than the rest and when he reached for it he pulled the tree over on his back. Mike was so frightened he made a jump and a lunge and went right through the glass in the living room door.

What a mess! Broken window glass, tree ornaments, cookies and branches all over the floor. And where was Mike? He was so scared he ran to the barn and hid in the hay. Mike was none the worse for his experience as his lovely, silky, heavy red coat had saved him from being cut by the glass.

That was one Christmas neither Ruth or Mike will ever forget.



# PAGES



## Animals' Christmas Tree

By Walter Wellman

PRESENTS, presents, who gets the presents? Each package on the tree is for an animal. Can you guess from the clues on the outside of each package, which animal gets which gift? The answers are below.

## THE ANIMALS' CHRISTMAS

BY WALTER WELLMAN



ANSWERS: 1. panther, 2. coyote, 3. tapir, 4. antelope.

## Farmer's Helper

A MAINE man has a shepherd dog that he considers worth the wages of a hired man.

"Teddy" does much of the work that a hired man would do. When Mr. Rice goes off to work in the back field, a mile distant, Teddy goes with him. If his master is cutting wood, Teddy is a big help. After a tree is felled, Mr. Rice cuts the limbs from it; then Teddy grabs each one as it is cut off and pulls it away. Soon he comes running back to get another limb.

When noontime comes his master will say, "Teddy, we had better have dinner." This sends Teddy to the farmhouse to get their dinner, which Mrs. Rice has ready for him, packed in a pail. He takes the handle in his teeth and carries it back to the woods, where he and his master eat dinner together—sharing the food as fellow workers.

Since the Rice home is a little way from the main road, Teddy performs another useful service by meeting the mailman every day and bringing home the mail.

## CALLING MOTHER AND DAD!

Have you heard the radio and TV programs we sponsor? You'll approve of them for your children, and they'll love them. (You should see our fan mail!)

**Friday Evenings** — it's ANIMAL FAIR, starring John Macfarlane, and various assorted animal friends, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P.M.

**Saturday Mornings** — it's ANIMAL CLUB OF THE AIR, where Albert Pollard shines as M.C. and storyteller, over WMEX (1510 on the dial) at 9:15 A.M.

Both programs relate facts and stories about animals in such a fascinating way that you'll find yourself a fan, too.

## Good Morning!

By Isla P. Richardson

Three little kittens, two black and one gray,  
Sat looking at me as they paused in their play.  
"Good morning," I said. "How do you do?"  
But all that they answered was, "Miew, miew, miew."



"Gee, Daddy, is he for me?"

## A Pet for Christmas?

HERE are a few basic "Dos" and "Don'ts" for handling pets.

For a two-month-old puppy weighing three to six pounds:

FOOD—Four meals a day as follows: morning and again at 4 p. m., three to six tablespoonfuls of milk (at room temperature) and 1½ to three tablespoonfuls of cereal or dry dog food. Noon and 8 p. m., two to four heaping teaspoonfuls of chopped ground meat (preferably raw) or the same amount of prepared baby meat.

Cod liver oil, ½ teaspoonful for a three-pound puppy, one teaspoonful for a six-pound puppy, once a day.

Fresh, clean water, not too cold, where the puppy can always reach it.

DON'T wash a puppy. Brush or comb it.

EXERCISE—Outdoors for a few minutes after each meal and occasionally at other times. Don't let puppy get wet or chilled.

DON'T let puppy sleep on the floor. Use a box with an old piece of carpet or blanket on the bottom and with sides

high enough to keep out drafts, but low enough for the puppy to climb over.

If you're not sure it has already been done, take dog to a veterinarian right after Christmas for a temporary temper inoculation and an examination.

If the puppy belongs to one of the much larger or smaller species, increase or cut down the food and cod liver oil allowances proportionally. Write for our pamphlet on the care of dogs.

If your Christmas tree should harbor a kitten remember that for a 2-month-old kitten weighing about one pound:

FOOD—Same kind and same number of feedings as for the puppy. Amounts in proportion to its smaller size. That means a tablespoonful of milk and one or two tablespoonfuls of cereal in the morning, for example. About one-quarter teaspoonful of cod liver oil.

DON'T take a kitten of this age outdoors in winter weather. A sand box is better. Otherwise the advice for a puppy applies.

For further information write us for our leaflet, "Care of the Cat."



If there is another pet in the home, he may not appreciate the Christmas addition to the family, like these two cats who still dispute a favored chair.



"You and Your Dog" is a new and profusely illustrated story-booklet of 20 pages with an especial appeal to children. It is already being used extensively in the schools of Springfield, Mass., in the teaching of Humane Education.

### Hence:

For TEACHERS—This booklet can readily be used as supplementary reading in English classes as well as for direct use in Humane Education.

For SOCIETIES—The booklet can well be a steppingstone for the introduction of a worthwhile program in the local schools.

For PARENTS—"You and Your Dog" will be enjoyed by the children of the family and be a basis for intelligent care of the household pets.

As a GIFT—To the small relative or neighborhood child who will find entertainment in its pages and a subtle bit of education in animal care.

COST—15c each. Send orders to:

American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

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**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**  
 Funeral Service  
 Local—Suburban—Distant

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 CONTRIBUTED**

#### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

## REWARD

### For Past Kindness

HAVEN'T you often wished you could do something for people who have been especially nice to you? Yet, with prices the way they are, few can afford to be lavish. You needn't be.

A Christmas gift subscription to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** for \$1.50 will fit cozily within almost anyone's budget. What other magazine with nearly universal appeal is as inexpensive? **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** has a wealth of fun, fact, and story about animals to give 12 full months of pleasure to, for instance:

the NEWSBOY who always remembers to save your favorite magazine, or gets your paper on the porch 9 times out of 10,

the LADY NEXT DOOR who brought over a casserole for the family supper when Mother was confined to bed with a cold,

the numerous SMALL-FRY KITH & KIN you would like to remember,

*et cetera.*

Make your own list, and think how pleased and surprised those on it will be to find that *you* thought of them. (You'll feel pretty good about it, too.)

Don't forget, multiple orders can cost even less:

One-year subscription \$1.50  
 Five one-year subscriptions \$5.00

**GRAND TOTAL:** It all adds up to a very pleasant reward.

#### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. OR

#### THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Life	\$500.00	Ass. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

# Three for Five!

WHILE they last we have a limited supply of beautifully bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals*, each volume containing the twelve issues for 1952.

From past experience, we know that many people like to keep a permanent file for ready reference to the many informative articles on nature and animal care.

These books, containing 240 pages and approximately 300 striking examples of animal photography, make splendid gifts, especially to school and public libraries. Children find the volumes helpful in their school work and both children and adults enjoy reading the many stories about animals.

And, in addition, we also have on hand a few bound volumes for the years 1949, 1950, and 1951.

These books sell for \$2.00 each and may be ordered *separately*, but while the back copies last, we are offering the set of three for the bargain price of \$5.00.

Just fill in the blank and send with your check to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

#### Bound Volume Coupon

I wish to take advantage of your bargain offer of four bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals*, for the years 1951, 1950 and 1949.

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send the volumes to the following:

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